

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



IN A CITY COFFEE-ROOM.

GEORGE BURLEY;

HIS HISTORY, EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS.

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CHAPTER L.—A WEDDING—A NEW HOME—WILLIAM BIX IN A NEW ASPECT.

I HAVE a vivid recollection of the marriage of my faithful friend Betsy Miller, with her patiently-waiting admirer Mr. Filby. This event took place about a month after our ejection from Silver Square. In the intervening time Betsy and I had taken up our abode in temporary lodgings near Somers Town, and not far from the green

fields (made yellow by buttercups) in which some of the pleasantest out-of-door hours of my childhood had been spent, with Betsy as my "guide, philosopher, and friend." Alas for the mutability of all earthly things, however! the green fields had, by this time, become brick-fields—such of them as had not already been overspread with an intricate labyrinth of streets, and mimic squares, and blocks of houses, some already finished, others in course of erection. Fortunately it was winter-time during our short sojourn there, or pretty near it; so the changes did not seem so great and depressing.

From these semi, or demi-semi-country lodgings, we

took flight one morning in a vehicle then called a "glass coach," which conveyed us to a neighbouring church, where I enacted (much to the merriment of an old wizen-faced pew-opener) the part of *father* to the mature bride.

We never returned to our lodgings. The wedding-day was spent very quietly in Mr. Filby's house in Fetter Lane (some pleasant allusion being made, in the course of the day, to newly-forged fetters); and that house was thenceforward, for six years, my home.

There never was a more comfortable elderly couple, I think, than Mr. and Mrs. Filby. They had no pressing cares; for he had well feathered his nest, and she did not marry altogether portionless. It is astonishing how savings may accumulate when there is no inclination to spend. I believe that Betsy's wages as my grandfather's housekeeper were but moderate in yearly amount; but, in the many years of her servitude, the aggregate accumulation of her savings (which she had put out to safe interest and compound interest) was not much less than two hundred pounds.

Money, however, does not produce domestic happiness, though easy circumstances, which include money, tend to promote it. Apart from this, the "old parchment-seller" (oh, Betsy, Betsy!) and his spouse were well suited to each other. They had kindred tastes, and, though these tastes did not range over a great variety of objects (I may say this without disparaging the memory of these dear friends, who have long since been dead), they were none the less happy and contented on this account.

One thing in which they cordially agreed was their kindness towards, and their sympathy with, me, rendered the more cordial on the part of Mr. Filby by the conviction that he had, for a little while, wronged me in his thoughts; and the more intense on both their parts on account of the disappointment of my hopes, and also because of one particular instance of injustice (as they esteemed it) which I had suffered at the hands of Mrs. Tozer and her son.

It will be remembered that, when my grandfather received an order on Mr. Falconer's London banker for five hundred pounds, to be applied to my business training, he put it away safely in a cash-box, deferring to some future time the consideration of how it should be used. Unfortunately my grandfather's habit of procrastination continued to grow upon him with increasing age; and, as the money was really never wanted for the specific purpose mentioned, it had lapsed, in some way or other, into Mr. Falconer's personal estate, which was bequeathed to Marmaduke, and the order, from some peculiarity in its wording, I believe, was of no use. So Mr. Fawley told me, after taking counsel's opinion.

"It is a hard case, Hurly," he said; "but, unless we can work upon their sense of justice and moral right, Marmaduke (and his mother as his legal guardian) must have the money." Acting on my behalf, therefore, he made a proposal that the five hundred pounds should be given to me.

I will do Marmaduke the justice to say that he was, at that time, willing enough to accede to the proposal; but Mrs. Tozer was hard as adamant.

"Not five hundred farthings of it—not five farthings of it, with my consent," she said, fiercely. And the end of it was, that I did not obtain five farthings of Mr. Falconer's intended generous bounty.

As may naturally be supposed, very little intercourse thereafter subsisted between the fortunate legatees and myself, while my interest in the old house of my childhood gradually died away. I was aware, however, of a

great sale of some part of the Silver property, and heard that, with his share of the proceeds, Marmaduke (when he came of age) purchased an estate in Kent, and set up for a country gentleman. This was the last I heard of him for some time, until other events, of which I shall presently speak, brought us once more into contact.

As to my uncle, or (as I shall henceforth call him) William Bix, I had no temptation nor desire to renew acquaintance with him under his new and improved circumstances; but it was impossible to avoid hearing of him. Just about the time when the sudden change in his fortunes took place, sprang up that extraordinary mania—or rather one of those extraordinary manias—for joint-stock speculations which have upset for the time the sobriety of the whole nation, and have brought about such strange revolutions in the fortunes and histories of thousands of individuals and families. It is not my intention to enter into the particulars of these speculations, nor to expose the rottenness of the system on which they were based; for mine is but a humble history of private adventures and experiences. It comes within the scope of these memoirs, however, to record that the name of William Bix began, in the course of two or three years, to appear very prominently among the directors of more than one company whose professed objects were to bestow immense and previously unheard-of benefits on society at large. In particular, there was one joint-stock association of which he was announced, in multitudes of florid advertisements, as being the resident director, and the offices of which were in Silver Square.

I do not know whether any person ever thought it worth his while to pry very deeply into the antecedents of the man who thus prominently thrust himself before the eyes of the public. I am inclined to think, however, that no very close inquiries were made. Wealth, or the repute of wealth, like charity, "covereth a multitude of sins"—in great mercantile cities especially—and it was enough to know that William Bix had this reputation. I remember being once in a City coffee-room, taking my modest five o'clock cup of tea, when something like the following dialogue passed, in the next box to mine, between two gentlemen whom I knew as belonging to the upper class of City men, who were dining (as I had reason to know through more than one of my senses) off a haunch of venison:—

"Who is this William Bix of whom we hear and see so much?" asked one of the venison-diners, laying down the morning paper in which, as I suppose, he had caught a glimpse of the name.

"Oh, don't you know? Why, he is *un nouveau riche*, a new man, but warm—warm," was the reply.

"Where does he spring from?"

"Who knows? We don't care so much where a man springs from as where he springs to. But I believe I have heard something about him, too. He is the son of an old fellow who did agency work for the owner of the Silver estate, and who came in for most of the property when the owner died. The son has got it now."

"He is the same man of whom I have heard some rather queer stories, then. Not much good in him, I should think."

"Oh, none the worse for having had a little rough experience. All the more likely to get on now that he has the chance. A sharp, clever fellow, I understand; and great confidence is placed in him. Not a better name in all London now for this sort of thing. Shares looking up in all the companies he is connected with. Sure to double his fortune in no time."

And then they went on eating their venison in silence. You will believe me, reader, that it was through no idle, prying curiosity that I overheard the above dialogue. I could scarcely help hearing it; the speakers spoke so audibly, and I sat so near.

It was a singular coincidence that, on the very next day after William Bix's name had thus been mentioned in my hearing, I was passing near to the Stock Exchange, and suddenly came upon the man himself. The recognition was instant and mutual, though I might have been pardoned if I had not recognised, in the rotund, clean-looking, extravagantly-clad, and bejewelled exquisite, who looked like a foreign count at least, the miserable wretch who, two or three years before, sneaked into Silver Square.

I should have passed him without word or sign—for what had I in common with him?—but he prevented me.

"I am glad to have met you, Hurly," said he, in his old way of condescending familiarity, to which I had been accustomed at St. Judith's. "Why don't you call in upon me sometimes?"

"There is no reason why I should, sir," I said, rather haughtily, perhaps.

"Yes, there is," he rejoined, with an affectation of good-humour. "I am your nearest relation—that's one reason; and another is, I might put something in your way worth having. I have been going to look you up for some months past; but I haven't had time, exactly."

"I am obliged to you," I replied; "but I cannot see that any good can possibly arise from our renewing our old acquaintance; and, as I am in a hurry just now—"

He laid his hand on my shoulder, and looked steadily in my face. There was a dark scowl upon his countenance, but it passed away.

"There are not many men who would speak to William Bix nowadays in that tone and manner, Hurly," he said, in a low and guarded voice; "but I suppose you have not forgiven me yet for having the good luck to be the son of my father. That's silly, my dear Hurly."

"You cannot forget that there are—"

"That there are other reasons for your giving me the cold shoulder," said he, laughing, and thus filling up in his own way the sentence I had hesitated to complete. "Such as my aliases and the naughty tricks I played when I was under the necessity of fighting my way through the world somehow. Pho! all that is over; and who cares to remember such old stories against a fellow who has money in both pockets?"

I made no reply; for to what purpose would it have been if I had answered him?

He went on in a more serious fashion. "Look you, Hurly: you say you are in a hurry; so am I. I have wasted too much time already, when every moment is worth gold to me. But I'll tell you why you ought to come and see me. My daughter, your cousin Sophy—ah! I thought I should make you start—is living with me in Silver Square. You had a kindness for her once, and she has still for you—the more so for her being now aware of your relationship. She is in trouble, and—strange as it may seem to you—so am I, on her account. You may perhaps help her out of it; so now do as you please; come and see us this evening, or leave us alone. Good-bye." Saying this, William Bix released me, and pushed his way into the Exchange.

CHAPTER LI.—THE OLD HOME—REVELATIONS—COUSIN SOPHY.

WILLIAM BIX had held out to me the only inducement which could have drawn me to his house. He had said truly that I had a kindness for Sophy once; and

I might have added that I had a kindly, affectionate, cousinly interest in her still. In the years which had transpired since we last saw each other I had often thought of the gamekeeper's darling little granddaughter, and, especially of late, had wondered how she had been affected by the changes which had taken place. And so she was in London, and in trouble; poor child! Yes, I would do battle with my repugnance towards her father—I would go and see my cousin.

I took my way from Gracechurch Street, by the old familiar route, and found myself in Silver Square for the first time since it ceased to be my home. No perceptible alteration had taken place in the square. I could see, by the brass plates on the doors as I passed, that many of the houses had the same tenants; and the tiny enclosure in the centre looked much as it did in other days, so that I could almost fancy that my remembrances dated back but a day. On arriving at the former mansion of Sir Miles, however, the illusion was dispelled. Renovating builders had been at work; compost and paint, and Corinthian pillars and plate-glass, had transformed the sombre old-fashioned house into a gaudy mansion. But the improvements were no improvements to me; they did not seem to fit nicely. It was like putting an ancient and comfortable-looking matron into the costume of a modern belle.

I knocked at the door, and it was opened to me by a tall porter in brilliant livery; and I was shown into the old office, which was now fitted up as a private study—so I was given to understand it was called—the porter saying, when I gave my name, that Mr. Bix was expecting me, and would see me in his study. In passing through the hall, I perceived that its old appurtenances had disappeared, and that on the door of the former dining-room was inscribed, in gold letters, the words "Board Room." In fact, I discovered afterwards that all the rooms on the ground-floor of the house were used as offices.

William Bix was seated in his richly-furnished study. "I felt sure you would come, Hurly," said he, offering me his hand, which I could not very well refuse to take; "and, as I should like a few words with you before you see Sophy, I told the porter to show you in here. It isn't everybody I admit into this room; but you are privileged. By the way, we meet as friends, I hope?"

"Not as enemies. I have no personal enmity against you, Mr. Bix," I said.

"That's well: we may come to friendship sooner or later."

I hoped not; but I did not say so.

"And we meet on terms of mutual confidence?" he continued.

"In anything relating to my cousin Sophy," I said, quickly. "You told me of her being in trouble, and that perhaps I could help her out of it."

"True; but first of all I must explain. You wonder at her being here at all; don't you, Hurly?"

I told him no, I did not very much wonder. I had heard of the history of Sophy's mother from old Mrs. Storks, and had guessed at his relation to Sophy before he had virtually acknowledged it to me. Also, that I had always given him credit for affection towards the child; and that therefore it was natural that he should come forward and acknowledge her when he became rich. All this and more I said, in other words.

"I am obliged to you for having done me so much justice," said William Bix; "and it is no more than justice. I did love the child, as I do now, more than ever; and I risked discovery again and again to catch only a sight of her pretty face. I went rather too far,

though, when I caught her up in my arms that day in the park; and I owe you something, Hurly, that you never betrayed me. But the child always haunted me; and I would have gone through fire and water to keep her from harm; and so I will now." He said this very fiercely, I thought; and I turned off the subject by asking how he managed to gain possession of Sophy.

"Oh," he replied, with a bright laugh, "in the old-fashioned romantic style. You have read stories, I dare say, of fathers disappearing, and being set down as dead, leaving a child or two to the tender mercies of the world; and then suddenly making their appearance in very grand style, in coaches and four, with silver-laced footmen, and all the rest of it. Well, I copied all this nonsense, went down to the gamekeeper's cottage like a lord, told a good story for myself, scattered money about pretty profusely, dazzled the old grandmother, became reconciled, and whisked off the young damsel in a twinkling, before she knew whether to laugh or to cry."

"And poor Sophy is unhappy now, I suppose, at having exchanged the freedom of her country life for the restrictions of her new and more splendid home? And she pines for the kindly old faces which used to smile upon her?"

"You are mistaken, Hurly; I know you are mistaken. If I thought as you do, I would—but it is not so. Sophy is too wise and too old not to see the advantages of her present position. She isn't a mere girl now, as she was when you last saw her. She is a woman, and has got woman's thoughts in her mind, and woman's feelings in her heart. You and I little know what those thoughts and feelings are; but we can guess at them, Hurly." William Bix spoke in a quick, hurried manner in saying this; and then he added, more deliberately—

"No, Sophy knows that she is well off, and has a true female instinct for money and money's worth; but she is in trouble nevertheless. Shall I tell you, in one word, what ails her?"

"In one word?"

"Yes; the word is Marmaduke."

I had guessed as much. I remembered those old days of child-courtship in the park; and I had never forgotten Marmaduke's later "if."

"Yes," continued William Bix; "Marmaduke is trifling with her affections, and she is beginning to suspect it."

I was sorry to hear it, I said; but I did not see in what way I could help my cousin.

"You can do something that I cannot do," he replied. "Look you, Hurly," he went on: "I never liked Marmaduke, and I knew more about him as a boy than ever you did. I did not like him; he came of a bad stock; and, little as you may think it—knowing me to be what I was, or what I am, if you like—I would have put a stop to his baby-courtship if I could. But I couldn't help it. How could I, when I could not show myself openly? I did what I could by putting Marmaduke's mother up to the goings on at the gamekeeper's cottage; but that did no good, so I was obliged to let things take their course. Well, they did take their course—their natural course, I suppose—as you know very well. And, by-and-by, when I found out that Marmaduke was likely to be old Falconer's heir, I made up my mind not to interfere. But yet, I tell you honestly, I would rather have had Sophy married to a country carpenter than to Frank Tozer's son."

William Bix said this so earnestly, and with such apparent sincerity, that I could not help believing him; but it was inexplicable to me. I could only imagine

that the one bright speck of parental love in his heart redeemed it from the utter darkness of its habitual depravity.

"You have wondered, I dare say," continued William Bix, "how it was I overcame my habit of drunkenness. I told you once that I made the effort from motives of self-interest. This was true, but not the whole truth. I thought of Sophy, and her innocence, and pictured to myself what she would feel and think if it should ever come to her knowledge that her father lived and died a drunkard. It was this reflection that confirmed me in my resolution that, do what else I might, I would not inflict this burning shame and disgrace upon my daughter."

I could not but believe him: he was so earnest.

"You see now, Hurly," he went on, more deliberately, "that, whatever I may be to all the world besides, I am capable of making sacrifices for my child; and when I saw, as I easily did when I brought Sophy home, that matters had gone so far that it would be a heart-breaking affair if Marmaduke were lost to her, I determined that the poor child should have her fancy; for, after all, there was nothing that I could positively object to in the young fellow; and—well, to tell the truth, his money was no objection. I can read in your face that's what you are thinking of, Hurly."

I was thinking so—was thinking, too, that, after all, there was a full pound of the dross of self-interest to the single grain of pure love for which I had just given the incomprehensible man credit. I thought that, if Marmaduke's expected prize in the chances of Mr. Falconer's will had turned up a blank, William Bix probably might not have been so keenly alive to Sophy's disappointed hopes—supposing that they were to be disappointed.

Thinking this, I merely said, "You said that I could help Sophy Tindall out of her trouble, sir."

"Sophy Bix, Hurly. Let the Tindall be forgotten," he said, hastily; adding, "Yes, you can do something which I cannot very well do. You can see Marmaduke. He knows that you know what has passed between himself and your cousin, and you may bring him to an explanation. I cannot do it."

I did not ask him why. There was no need to ask it, for I knew. It is one of the common, ordinary, worldly disadvantages of crooked courses, that the man who adopts them has no title to expect ingenuous straightforwardness from others. People (in general, perhaps) think that honest, open-hearted, sincere, and unsuspecting men are more liable to double-dealing and deception than rogues. I believe this to be a great mistake, and that it is the deceitful man who is the oftenest deceived—the cheat who is the oftenest cheated. On the other hand, the very uprightness and integrity of a good man are his best preservatives.

I did not, therefore, ask William Bix why he thought I could better succeed than himself in obtaining an explanation of Marmaduke's intentions; but I objected that my intercourse with Marmaduke had long ceased, and that I did not wish to renew it; also that I could not, unless the cause were very urgent, leave London at that time, even for a day.

"There is no need for your leaving London," he replied. "Marmaduke is in London—that is to say, he is now visiting at Blackheath. You remember the Browns at St. Judith's, with those ridiculous names? Well, he is there. By the way, Marmaduke's mother is dead—she died three months ago—and he is come to London to shake off the blues, he says; so you won't have to go out of town to see him. In fact, you shall see him

here; for of course we keep up our connection, and are the best friends in the world."

"And yet you cannot trust him?"

"Not a bit of it—no more than he trusts me," said William Bix. "You look horrified; but when you have seen as much of the world as I have, Hurly, you will come round to my way of thinking, that our very best friends are the last people in the world to be trusted."

"That depends upon whom we bestow friendship, I should think," I said.

"Possibly; but that's nothing to the purpose. I can trust you, at all events; and you will oblige me, I know. There will be an evening party here to-morrow night. Come, and you will meet Marmaduke, and you can easily find an opportunity of speaking to him alone. And now let us go to your cousin: you will find her, I flatter myself, very much improved since you last saw her, a wild little woodland bird on the Kentish downs." Saying this, my uncle (I will once more give him this title) rose, opened the door, and motioned me up the broad staircase.

Nothing I had hitherto experienced or observed in the world had more surprised me than the apparent ease with which William Bix had cast off the slough of his former vagabondism, and adapted himself to his wonderfully-improved fortunes. I had to see more of this on the following day; but in the interview I had just held with him there was an impressiveness of manner and a sort of assumed superiority which would have imposed, I think, on other and wiser men than myself. It was acted, no doubt; but it was such capital acting that it seemed real.

So, when, after conducting me to the habitable part of his house, he gently tapped at a particular door, and waited till a soft voice within gave permission to enter, and when he presently introduced me to my cousin, and said, with a quiet and almost melancholy smile, "You have much to tell one another, and I should only be in your way," I almost forgot, for the time, what William Bix had been, what, in his heart, he still was, and could think of him for a minute or two only as a well-bred gentleman. And yet I knew that he was acting a part he had previously planned.

In a moment or two he was gone; and after the first greeting with my cousin I looked round me. I was in a room on the second floor of the old mansion which had once been a bed-chamber; and in the early years of my remembrance, like the greater number of rooms in the house, it was unused. I had a very clear remembrance of its former gloomy state—the dark, moth-eaten hangings, the massive bed-pillars and heavy dressing-table, and large wardrobe of solid mahogany, but black with age. All was changed now. The apartment had become a lady's bower. Gay paper covered the walls, a brilliant carpet, the floor; delicate silk curtains festooned the window; a dainty couch and pleasant lounging chairs, softly cushioned; a handsome table of some exquisitely beautiful foreign wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; a bookcase filled with gorgeously-bound volumes, glittering in purple, crimson, and gold; a small piano, bearing the name of one of the most fashionable London makers; a pretty cabinet, a delicate work-table—all these and similar tokens proved that no expense had been spared to please and dazzle the occupant of that fairy-like retreat; for this was Sophy's own room.

Nor had money been grudged in preparing my cousin to be the queen of this small domain. I learned, presently, from her own lips, that on her first coming to London her father provided her with private teachers; and, as a good foundation had already been laid in her

education, I have no doubt she would have passed muster in a crowd. Moreover, she had her own maid, and her own carriage also, so she told me; and her own way in everything, she added, with a melancholy smile, as though that was not much to be proud of.

In spite of all this, Sophy was not spoiled. I think she was one of those whom it is very difficult to spoil. She was altered, no doubt. When I last had seen her, she was a girl; now she was a woman, or nearly approaching womanhood; but this was the greatest difference I could detect in her, excepting (and it was a great exception) that in her lowlier estate of childhood she was free from care, joyous and free, and that now she was anxious and troubled. She tried to restrain her tears when we talked of her grandparents, and their pretty cottage, and the park, and the first time we met; but the attempt was vain. I tried to comfort her, by speaking of her present superior position; but she only sighed mournfully. She ought to be very happy, she acknowledged; at any rate, she ought to be grateful; and she hoped she was not ungrateful; for her father, whatever he had been to others (I knew what she meant by others—she was thinking of her mother), was kind and indulgent to her. But—and here she stopped short in her confessions—"let us speak of something else, Hurly," she said.

And so we spoke of something else; she showed me her books, and we talked about her favourite authors; she opened her portfolios of drawings, and I praised them, not flatteringly either; for she had been an apt pupil; she sat down, at my entreaty, to her piano, and she played some simple melodies with taste, and sang very sweetly.

"You will come and see me again, Hurly; will you not?" she said when I rose to leave. "I don't mean to-morrow night, when there is to be a grand party, and you say you have promised to come; but when we can have a little quiet together, as we have had this evening. And you will think as kindly as you can of my father; for he is very good to me." And so we parted.

THE SCOTTISH HOSPITAL IN LONDON.

THE Scottish Hospital affords one of the many instances in which a small and apparently feeble beginning has resulted in a great and permanent success. It first existed in the form of a working man's club—a sort of brotherly union, originating in the need of mutual sympathy and support experienced by a few humble but right-minded Scotchmen, who, isolated amidst the crowd of Londoners in the days of the first James, banded themselves together for more effectual protection against adversity. They were not philosophers; they were not skilled in social science; they knew nothing of the laws of sickness and death as these laws have been evolved from the facts of the last two or three centuries; they were not disciples of Tidd Pratt or Mr. Nelson; and, so far from being, as they should have been, skilled actuaries, they were but indifferently versed in casting accounts and striking a balance when a balance had to be struck. But they were thoughtful, kind-hearted men, and earnest in their wish to help one another; so, having no balance at their bankers (there were few bankers in those days), they clubbed their modest contributions together, and put them into a box, which they called "the Scottish Box"—the contents of which were to be appropriated solely to the assistance of Scotchmen. It appears that, during the first years of the association, it must have been rather a friendly assurance society than a charity, inasmuch as the members made periodical

payments amounting to 2s. a year, besides entrance-fees of 5s., and that these payments were afterwards doubled in amount; while the advantages assured by such payments were, the loan of small sums without interest, aid in sickness, and funeral expenses at death.

The society had for many years no regular place of meeting, and appear to have assembled for business purposes at any inn or tavern which offered them the convenience they required. Their records date back as far as 1620, and make reference to a date seven years before that; but their first recorded meeting was in 1638, in Lamb's Conduit Street, where they granted 20s. for funerals of persons dying of the plague, and 30s. to others of their poor. In subsequent years the meetings seem to have been held in one or other of the taverns in Covent Garden, where we find the members, in 1658, counting the money in their "box," which at that date amounted to £61 3s. 6d., their quarterly disbursements being up to this time under £10. When the Great Plague came, in 1665-66, it slew no less than three hundred of the poor natives of Scotland in London; and in this fearful emergency the little society must have exerted itself manfully, and liberally increased its disbursements; for it not only took upon itself the burial of the Scottish dead, and interred them decently, but also defrayed the cost of nursing many of the hapless victims of the pest.

It is possible that this heroic and self-denying conduct of the members did more towards settling the institution on a solid basis than anything which hitherto it had had the opportunity of accomplishing. At any rate, the plague was hardly stayed before the society obtained a charter of incorporation from King Charles II, at the expense of £70, paid by eight of the members out of their own pockets. All that we know of that charter is, that it provided against admitting improper objects to the charity by the following clause:—"And also provided that wee doe hereby declare our royal will and pleasure to bee, and wee doe require and command the master, governors, and assistants of the said hospital, and their successours, that they doe from tyme to tyme take special care not to encourage or receive any vagrant beggars or other idle and dissolute persons of the Scottish nation, who are able to worke, and are not fitte to receive the charity erected and established by these our letters patent."

That the institution was consolidating and prospering fairly for some time after this date is very evident. Though they continued to hold their meetings or courts for some years at various inns or taverns, principally in Covent Garden, their funds were increasing, their members grew more numerous, and the good they did was more widely felt. It is worth while to note that a part (it is to be hoped a very small part) of their income was, about this date, derived from fines levied on members for cursing and swearing at courts, for being drunk, or striking or giving abusive language—customs more in harmony with the time (two hundred years ago), and the localities in which the courts were held, than with the objects of their incorporation. Their means had so much increased that now they were able to build a hospital for the reception of their sick poor, and a hall for their own meetings—the building being completed and opened in 1672; though the hospital had to be given up ere long, the plan not working well, the Scotch poor hating the idea of a poor-house, and revolting against the confinement. A second charter, enlarging the society's powers, was obtained in 1677, and by 1680 the members numbered 338. In 1685 they obtained from the king the privilege of selling three knights' patents,

by which they appear to have realized a round sum; the influx of cash, however, did not dispel the canny, cautious spirit which guided them, an entry at this date setting forth that a certain patient is to be taken to a physician, to be cured for an agreed sum; "but no cure, no money to be paid." Subscriptions increased largely, and funds also accerned from the annual feast on St. Andrew's Day; the managers also dabbled in lottery-tickets, got up periodical balls, concerts, etc., and in various other ways added to their income. They seem, however, to have kept their accounts in a sad state; for, in 1712, a committee reported that "the books were so intricate and perplex, that they judged extremely hard, if at all possible, to be understood." The club feature of the society was still retained, the poor Scotch in London being invited by advertisements to subscribe, and thus to secure to themselves the benefit of its aid and support.

Up to 1770, or thereabouts, the Scottish Hospital, active and useful as it had been, had led a sort of hand-to-mouth life—working hard to get money by every lawful means in its power, and giving it all away as fast as it was got. But now a few of the discriminating and public-spirited members, seeing that this kind of management must lead to disaster, and perhaps to failure, came forward and inaugurated new methods, calculated to give stability and permanency to the institution. The number of Scotch in London had greatly multiplied, and many stood in need of aid, which the hospital, under its then existing constitution, would never be able to afford. The new managers, in 1775, applied for and obtained a new charter, whereby "the Scottish Hospital of the foundation of King Charles II was re-incorporated, and directed to be governed in all time coming by a president, six vice-presidents, a treasurer, and an unlimited number of governors," qualified by subscription. Such a constitution, it will be seen, ensures, at least, permanence, while it leaves the measure of success dependent on the activity of those whose duty it is to be active in so good a cause, and on the philanthropic feeling of the public. Under the new charter, the necessity of contribution as a title to admission was done away, the club feature vanished, and the Scottish Hospital became solely a charitable institution; and to this day its charities are applicable to any of the poor natives of Scotland and their children, resident in London and its immediate neighbourhood, who, not being in receipt of parochial relief in this country, require assistance through poverty, sickness, or distress.

Under the management of the new corporation, the means and efficiency of the hospital rapidly grew and increased. As its objects became more widely known, fresh donations poured in. India sent over two thousand pounds; the city of London gave two hundred; and in 1815 came the magnificent bequest of William Kinloch, of £76,495 Three per Cents., the interest of which was to be paid in annuities to poor and disabled Scotchmen in distress, wounded in the service of their country. At the present time the subscriptions and donations (represented by some forty pounds in the early years of the "Scottish Box") amount to nearly £4500; while the entire income, including dividends, rents of property, etc., is sufficient to allow of disbursements which, in the year ending November 1865, exceeded four thousand pounds; and this exclusive of the interest of the Kinloch bequest, from which annuities are paid to more than 400 needy pensioners. Among the subscribers, having the Queen at their head, who sends a hundred guineas annually, are the names of many other royal personages, and of well-nigh the whole

of the nobility of Scotland, together with a long list of familiar Scottish names occupying more than fifty pages. As to the manner in which the funds are applied, we may state, further, that pensions varying from £5 to £25 a year are given to upwards of 150 persons; casual relief is afforded to more than 200 applicants every month; and free passages to Scotland are granted to such as require them and are considered worthy of such aid. The cost of these several items of relief may be seen in the annual report, from which we gather further that the corporation sets apart a portion of their funds towards the expenses of six schools attached to Presbyterian churches in London, and occupied in the education of the children of Scottish parents. During the past year upwards of 140 children profited by this school-fund, at a cost to the hospital of £104 6s. 6d.

It must not be supposed that, because the Scottish Hospital has done, and is doing, so much, it is therefore in no need of funds: the fact is just the reverse. Want and penury abound too much in London to be overtaken by the march of benevolence, whether public or private. The claimants upon the funds of this institution are far more numerous than those who dispense them have the means of satisfying. Whenever a vacancy occurs by the death of one pensioner, it is not merely that there is another always ready to occupy his place, but that four or five, and sometimes more, are eagerly anxious for the pittance which may come in aid of their destitution. At the last election there were ninety-one applicants, though the vacancies were but twenty-two. Some of these poor candidates were blind, some paralytic, and some were above fourscore years of age. The society would gladly have admitted all their claims, but were forced to send the greater majority of them away. As fast as their funds allow them to do so, they add new pensions to their lists—they added twenty on the occasion of the late bicentenary commemoration—but it lies with the public, and with the Scotch public especially, to enable them to extend their charitable aid still further.

The Scottish Hospital, after remaining for more than a hundred years in the building it had erected in Blackfriars, removed in 1783 to Crane Court, which has been its home ever since. Crane Court is one of the numerous small outlets on the north side of Fleet Street which so much puzzle the stranger, and which even old *habitues* of the City fail to get by heart sometimes after long experience of their intricate windings. Crane Court, however, does not wind, but is shaped like a long bottle with a narrow neck, and is not a thoroughfare, the Scottish Hospital blocking up the way at what may be termed the bottom of the bottle. The court is at present occupied by a race of rather dingy industrials connected mostly with the printing profession; and it is difficult to realize the description of old Strype, who speaks of it as "a very handsome, open place, graced with good buildings well inhabited by persons of repute." There are some interesting associations connected with the spot. From 1710 to 1782 the Royal Society occupied the very house which is now the hospital, the corporation having purchased it from the Society in that year for a thousand pounds. Externally the house presents nothing remarkable, save a rather lofty doorway with somewhat heavy architrave and trusses, and accessible by a flight of steps. As a work of Wren's, however, it ought not to be judged from its present condition. When the house was first built, the court was paved with chequered slabs of marble, and there can be little doubt that the dwellings on either side wore a very different aspect from their present one, and that the façade of Wren was in harmony with the side buildings: it is impossible

at this distance of time to recall the original features of the place. Within, the house is well contrived, roomy, and airy, with a noble staircase and lofty apartments, though most of them have a sombre and gloomy aspect from the want of light, which is cruelly shut out by the close intrusion of surrounding buildings. The room where the hospital meetings are held—the same in which Sir Isaac Newton sat as President of the Royal Society—is a handsome apartment on the first floor, looking into a courtyard in the rear, but screened from the sky by the wall of the chapel distant some dozen feet. The ceiling is said to be a good specimen of the ornamentation of the time, but is barely visible to an appreciative eye in the dim light. Among the *notabilia* is a copy of the "Solemn League and Covenant," with fac-similes in the margin of the signatures of Montrose, Eglinton, and others. Of the pictures, the principal one is a full-length of William IV, by David Wilkie, much too big for the room, bad in drawing, and worse in colour, and which, for the sake of the reputation of that matchless painter of humble life, one can but regret that he ever painted. There are two or three good modern portraits of some of the benefactors of the charity, and some very doubtful canvasses ascribed to Kneller and Lely, representing Dukes Bedford and Lauderdale. There is also a portrait, by Zuccheri, it is said, of Mary Queen of Scots, which, like all other portraits of that luckless queen, is a mere ideal face, representing nothing more than the painter's notion of queenly beauty.

In the rear of the older building, and communicating with it, stands the chapel, which a tablet in the outer court tells us "was built by the Scotch Corporation, to the glory of God, and for the relief of their poor." It is the plainest of all possible erections, the interior fittings consisting of rows of wooden benches, each with a rail for the back, and a small rostrum in one corner for the preacher. The only regular services are those held at the periodical distribution of the pensions and annuities, when the recipients of charity are addressed by one of the chaplains of the hospital; Dr. Hamilton, we believe, being the chaplain on duty for the present year. The chapel is further of use to the poor of the neighbourhood, who are accustomed to assemble here to attend the scripture-readings and listen to the instruction and counsel of the city missionaries; a use for which, from its situation, it ought to be well adapted.

Some few years ago the affairs of the corporation were conducted not quite with the shrewdness and prudence for which Scotchmen are proverbial, but under new and efficient management confidence has been restored, and we hope increased prosperity may attend the Scottish Hospital. The anniversary festival is on the 30th November, St. Andrew's Day.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

THE lengthened inquest which the jury of historians have held on the body of William Rufus has ended in an open verdict. He was found dead; and, though the result of the examination of witnesses, and the weighing of the possible causes which led to his death, compel us to suspect that there was wilful murder done by some person or persons unknown, posterity has contented itself with leaving the question unsettled, and allowing Sir Walter Tyrrel to have the credit of killing him by accident; although Tyrrel repeatedly declared that on the day of the king's death he had not seen him, nor indeed entered that part of the forest where the body was found.

And when it is asked why he should fly from the country as soon as the king was killed, unless he dreaded the consequences of his accident, it is replied that he knew more about it than he cared to confess, and that in reality his haste arose from his eagerness to tell the news in Normandy. It is pretty certain that it was received with joy rather than consternation. Normandy then contained a large number of persons of distinction who had been outlawed by the king, and to whom the tidings of his death, however brought about, could not be otherwise than gratifying. Indeed, there was found no one to mourn for William Rufus. It is said that his body, when discovered, was rudely carried, all bleeding, in a cart to Winchester, and there hurriedly buried in the cathedral. Even then, such was the hatred of the king by the clergy, they attributed the falling of the cathedral tower to the bare permission they had given to allow his body to lie within its walls. No one seems to have shown the least concern or interest in all that was left of William Rufus, except the charcoal-burner who is said to have carried the corpse to the cathedral in his own rough cart. Even the king's brother Henry, who was hunting in the New Forest at the same time, is reported, as soon as he heard of his brother's death, to have set off full gallop to Winchester to seize the royal treasure. Once having possession of that, he found it easier to make arrangements for his own coronation in London, which took place not long afterwards, in defiance of the rights of his brother Robert, then absent in Palestine.

Altogether it was an ugly business; and no one who reads, even at second hand, the various accounts of what took place in connection with William Rufus's death, in order if possible to get at something like a trustworthy result, can escape being left with the confused but sure conviction that, if the king was not murdered, he had done enough to provoke his assassination, and that those who belonged to him had the ill-will which truly makes and marks the guilt of murder.

"In his days," says the old chronicle; "all right fell, and all wrong, in the sight of God and of the world, rose." Perhaps this sentence might reach a little further than "his" days. Henry I, who succeeded him, was popular with the clergy, whom he favoured, and so found complimentary historians; but in turn his treatment of his brother Robert, whom he kept out of his inheritance by fraud and force, will not bear the test of Christianity, though it suited the wishes of the then church.

We can hardly realize the change since then. While the scene of William's death remains the same, part of the New Forest having been untouched by the hand of man since it was set apart for the Conqueror's diversion, and even, they say, some of the descendants of Parkess, the charcoal-burner, living in the spot from which their ancestor carted the corpse of the king, what a different England it is from the early days of the Norman rule! True, we have enough to sadden us now. Sin and misery have put on new forms; but the old evil influences which once resulted in coarse and unchecked lawlessness are still there. It is, however, an incalculable blessing that Christian public opinion supports the administration of justice and the observances of religion. And this, humanly speaking, is owing mainly to the free intercourse brought about by centuries of social progress, and which gives free play to those higher influences that have been shed upon the people. The express train, which now threads the wastes of the New Forest, is not more unlike the woodman's track among the trees than the England of to-day is unlike that which was

when the ancestors of those trees saw the king and his men hunt the deer among their glades.

Now, whatever unrighteousness there may be in the land, it finds thousands ready to condemn and correct it fearlessly, but legally, as soon as it is seen or suspected. Legislation may be slow with us; but once let an abuse be fairly exposed, and its existence is threatened, if its removal is not at once secured. And a distinct act of lawlessness, an individual crime, is almost sure to be brought home to the offender. Few criminals escape. If we could conceive of such a thing as a baron killing a peasant who got in his way, "The Land's-End News," and "John o' Groat's Journal," would lay before their indignant readers every detail of the ill deed brought out in the trial that would ensue. The people of Great Britain would follow the evidence, with a certainty that justice would be done.

But, if we only just dip into some of the history of William Rufus's days, we shall get a dish of horrors that were avenged only by retribution which was as lawless in its way as the crimes against which it rose. I don't care whether the particulars of these ill deeds are correct. They must be accepted as the representation of what was then taking place, even supposing that they are not accurately recorded. They are the evidence of a terrible state of things that we must believe to have existed, however confused the details of the special acts of iniquity which came to pass. Let us look at one. Rufus, who took the side neither of barons, churchmen, nor people, is said to have burnt out the eyes of the inhabitants of Canterbury, because they took the part of some monks whom he had robbed. No wonder his reign was famous for the series of attempts made by the prelates, barons, and their adherents to unthroned him. He usurped the throne, to begin with, and his uncle, the Bishop of Bayeux, immediately headed the first of the series of efforts to depose him. Then, the Bishop of Durham, his minister, tried and also failed. Rebellion followed rebellion. He hanged his own godfather on the accusation of treason. Some he put to death, others he deprived of lands and eyesight. So the miserable story drags on, sometimes, perhaps, inaccurate, sometimes correct in details, but true in the main. And we do not wonder to see his brother galloping off to Winchester to secure the royal treasure, and Tyrrel hurrying off to Normandy with the good news of his death, even while the charcoal-burner who had found the corpse was dragging it, all uncared for, except by this rude serf, to the church, where, as the chronicler tells us, he was buried the next morning without a lament and without a knell. H. J.

A SUMMER TOUR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

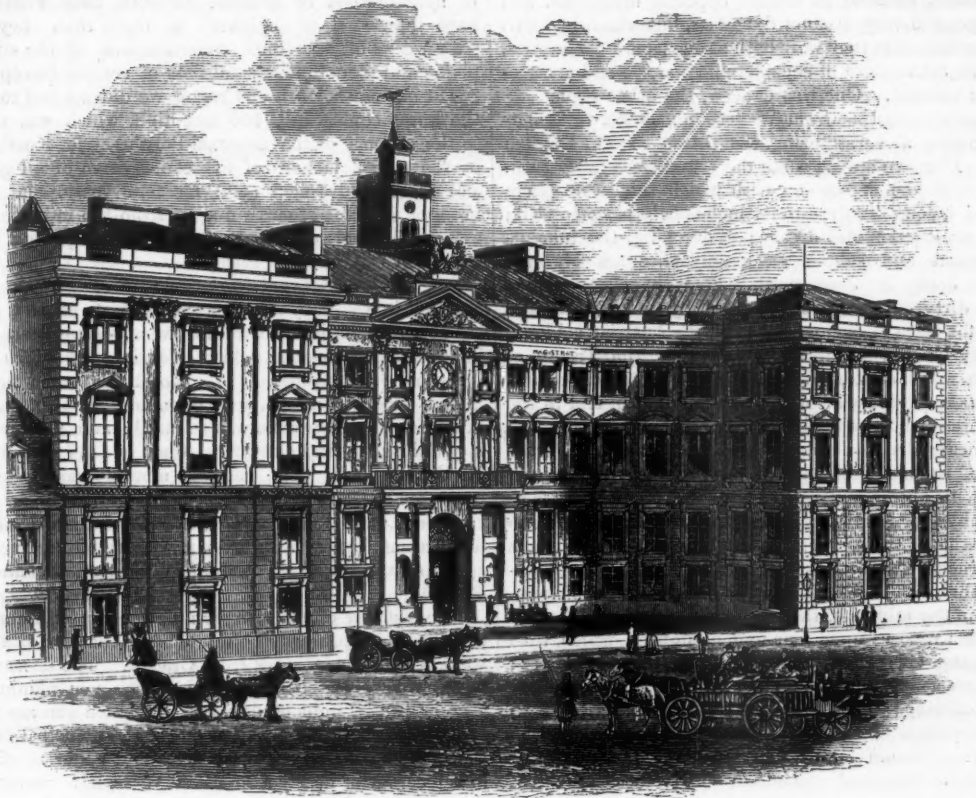
CHAPTER II.—WARSAW AND CRACOW.

WITH a consciousness of being on ground of real historic interest we entered Warsaw. The city does not present many attractions to the visitor; but it is a pleasant place to spend a few days in, more especially amongst friends who can direct your explorations and offer you the unspeakable comforts of a home when you return jaded and wearied with the toils of sight-seeing. Such was our fortunate lot; and, having the additional advantage of personal friendship with her Britannic Majesty's consul, we are enabled to assign to our reminiscences of Warsaw a very sunny spot in memory's cabinet. It is vain to attempt to reproduce here even an outline of what Warsaw has experienced at the hands of both friends and enemies—the former always disunited and disloyal, the

latter unscrupulous and unceasing in their vigilant hostility. Betrayed by false patriots, plundered and partitioned by her foes, ill-fated Poland has been the very "sport of destiny," till at length, in her last obstinate but futile insurrection, she seems to have extinguished her remaining nationality in tears and blood.

really striking picture; and many are the brilliant fêtes of which this delightful retreat of viceroyalty has been the scene.

The public buildings of Warsaw are more interesting by association than for their intrinsic beauties. Although Poland can claim a much higher antiquity than



HÔTEL DE VILLE, WARSAW.

Warsaw, at the time of our visit, was not thinking of rebellion; but the Russian forces were strong in the city. One day, when returning from a short suburban trip to the pleasant gardens of the Viceroy's residence, at Lazienki, and skirting the Field of Mars, we discovered that a review had been extemporized on evidently short notice, but on by no means a small scale. Great masses of the steady machine-like battalions of the Russian infantry were grouped upon the plain, flanked with a considerable force of artillery, while an incessant stream of Cossacks, restless and busy, yet graceful in every motion, and managing to perfection their small but well-proportioned steeds, came pouring in, as if fresh from the plains of their native Don, and soon raised a cloud of dust, by no means advantageous to the sight-seers.

It was after a review on this very spot, and in the presence of his august brother, that the Grand Duke Constantine, then Viceroy of Poland, was suddenly struck with apoplexy, and carried senseless to the palace, where he expired the same day.

This palace is a charming summer residence, surrounded by beautiful grounds, with an ornamental lake* in their midst: it is the constant resort of the inhabitants of the city, and should be visited by every tourist. The façade of the palace, with its ornamental portico, placed as it is on the very margin of the water, forms a

its more powerful neighbour, the country of Peter the Great, yet no edifice in its capital is older than 1690, which is the date assigned to the Church of the Holy Cross, conspicuous by its twin towers, and where a monument by Thorwaldsen has been raised to the memory of Copernicus. The next in seniority is the Lutheran Church, with its immense dome, 300 feet high, a prominent object, visible for miles around, and from whose summit a most satisfactory panoramic view can be obtained of the city and its suburb, Praga, with the Vistula flowing between them. Most of the churches belong to the Roman Catholics, whose faith is that of at least seven-tenths of the whole population* of Poland; but, eschewing these, we did not fail to visit one of the Greek churches, where the imposing ceremonial of the Eastern communion cannot fail to impress any one to whom it is new. Their music is very fine. The grand old Ambrosian chants, given out by the stentorian "basso" of some long-haired priest, and echoed by the voices of the choir, amidst the incessant genuflections and prostrations of the multitude, serve to leave an impression of bewildering awe on the minds of those accustomed to the purer if less pompous worship of Protestant England. The scenes of violence and sacrilegious outrage, of which many of the Warsaw churches were

* This is now nearly 5,000,000; that of Warsaw being less than 130,000, whereas in 1860 it was nearly 170,000.

witness during the late insurrection, are among the most painful memories of those fearful days.

As, owing to business matters which concerned the elder members of our party, our stay at Warsaw was likely to be prolonged, the two youngest, of whom the writer was one, took the opportunity of paying visits to two places situated in almost opposite directions, and belonging to very distinct dynasties, but which had this in common, that they were both at one time Polish cities, and are both places of considerable historic and archaeological interest. One was Cracow, the other Kieff.

Cracow is distant from Warsaw about 282 versts, or 190 miles, a verst being two-thirds of an English mile. Here we stayed some days, and were fairly saturated with the depression with which the atmosphere seemed laden. Truly a most melancholy place to visit; every principal edifice dreary and decaying, the inhabitants silent and subdued, the only ones actively employed being the Jews, with whom the city swarms; and a dirty, ill-conditioned tribe they undoubtedly are. Then the place is, or was, overrun with Austrian soldiers, Austria having, in direct violation of the Treaty of Vienna, which stipulated for the independence of Cracow, coolly taken possession of the city, and put an end to the guaranteed liberties of the Cracovians.

The cathedral is a place of interest as being the burial-place of the old Polish kings, each sepulchred monarch having his shrine and chapel, with his recumbent effigy in porphyry or marble. But the visitor must descend into the depths of the crypt if he would see the sarcophagus where repose the sacred remains of Sobieski. The magnificent shrine of St. Stanislaus, the patron saint of Poland, stands in the middle of the nave of this ancient cathedral. The coffin reposes upon four angelic figures, which, with everything else about the tomb, are of solid silver; these precious things—and the church is full of most costly offerings—having had the rare good fortune to escape spoliation, amidst all the changing fortunes of the city. The old Zamek, or royal castle, is a mournful remnant of departed splendour, some traces of which may yet be seen in parts of the interior, or in walking round the terrace which runs along its fortified walls. It is now partly a barrack and partly an hospital; the white showy uniforms of the Austrian soldiery contrasting with the wasted forms of invalid mendicants.

The view from the Zamek is very fine. All the towers and spires of the city are clustered below, telling nothing at a distance of the desolation which is so sad a feature in the reality of modern Cracow; while nature, in ever unimpaired freshness and beauty, has spread fertility along the rich valley of the Vistula, over which the eye can roam with quiet enjoyment. Looking southward, it is a real satisfaction to gaze upon the fine range of, the Carpathian mountains, some of their rugged broken points being snow-capped; for we are now within forty miles of the highest part of the chain called the "Tatra," amid which the craggy summits of Lomnitz and Eisthal assume truly Alpine proportions, rising to an elevation of more than 8000 feet. Some parts of the Carpathian mountains are singularly beautiful, their lower declivities being entirely forest-clad; while the loftier portions are very precipitous, capped here and there with pyramidal peaks. As is well known, these mountains are rich in minerals, having an abundance of iron ore in the sandstone, of which the range is chiefly composed; besides which, amid its diversified deposits of mica and clay-slate, mingled with green sand and beds of limestone, there are to be found, in available quantities, gold, silver, and

mercury, in addition to lead, copper, antimony, and zinc, to say nothing of opals and several other kinds of precious stones. These, of course, are not to be discovered in the unfossiliferous masses of the Tatra groups, which are of primitive formation, chiefly gneiss and granite; but, at any rate, had they been never so rich in metalliferous or mineral deposits, they would not have interested or delighted us more than they did, after weeks of wearisome contemplation of the endless plains and monotonous sand-flats of central Europe.

During our sojourn at Cracow we did not fail to visit the huge conical hill, 150 feet high, which was raised to the memory of the immortal Polish patriot Kosciuszko, by the united labours of his countrymen of all grades and ages, who toiled at it for four years, and even brought portions of earth dug up from the most memorable battle-fields of Poland, to add to the general heap. Campbell's well-known line—

"And Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell,"

conveys, however, by no means an accurate picture, since the great Polish leader lived for twenty-three years after his final defeat on the field of Maczowice,* which took place on 6th October, 1794. Kosciuszko was wounded in this deadly struggle, and remained for two years a prisoner, but afterwards was released; and, after residing in London and elsewhere, died in 1817 in Soleure, in Switzerland. The colossal mound raised to his memory has since our visit been walled in by the Austrians, and forms now a link in the huge chain of fortification, five miles in extent, with which her pitiless spoilers have completely surrounded the capital of ancient Poland.

The last day of our visit was devoted to an excursion to the world-renowned salt mines of Wieliczka,† situated some six or seven miles from Cracow. The descent is by a wide deep shaft, through which you plunge far away from the light of day, and by which you are soon brought to the focus, or rather one of the principal foci of the interminable labyrinthine caves and galleries, which, in the course of nearly a thousand years, have perforated this mighty deposit of rock-salt in every direction. There is no oppressive feeling of any kind attendant on a visit to these underground salt quarries, as they have been called; no creeping along dark stifling galleries, as in our own most famous coal mines; but the traveller walks upright, accompanied by his guides, who illuminate the way with their broom torches, and during a three or four hours' exploration conduct him in safety, cleanliness, and comfort over a great portion of the mines. Everything is rock-salt, hard, compact, and glittering with unnumbered crystals. The walls, the roof, the floor, the stables, the galleries, the halls, the caverns—some of them, I well remember, were more than 100 feet in height—all of the same rocky, salty mass. Even the chapel, of a grand gothic form, with its huge crucifix, and images, and altar, is cognisant of no other materials; while, conspicuous amongst the sacred relics, is the statue of St. Cunegunda, the patroness of the mines, and, if we may credit the legend, their virtual discoverer; since it was in hunting for her wedding-ring that the fortunate seekers came upon the first indication of all this rich subterranean treasure.

We brought away many little ornaments of various shape and design, all made from the rock-salt; but their sad fate was to be melted gradually away in the moist climate of England; and it was positively melancholy to watch the slow but sure process of dissolution in the case of a pretty little obelisk about five inches high.

* Pronounced *Maczowitsay*: it is about fifty miles from Warsaw.

† Pronounced *Wielitchka*.

which stood—as long at least as it had a crystalline base to stand upon—on the mantel-piece in the writer's bedroom.

CHAPTER III.—KIEFF.

Soon after our return to Warsaw, an opportunity was presented of visiting the interesting and beautiful city of Kieff—the Holy Place, in fact, of the Russian Empire, and one of its most ancient settlements. Indeed, Kieff was the original focus of Christianity in all Slavonia, and from its yet trembling flame of newly-kindled faith came the earliest ray of religious truth that penetrated the mind of the once-savage Vladimir, and converted him into Russia's first Christian prince, about the end of the tenth century.

Before the year A.D. 1100, we are told that there were not less than four hundred churches in Kieff, amongst them the earliest founded by old Vladimir himself—or St. Vladimir, for he has long since been canonized—dedicated to St. Basil, and which is still in existence. Up to 1793 Kieff, with other provinces in what is now called "Little Russia," belonged to Poland, having continued under her rule for more than four hundred years. This portion of the empire formed part of the Ukraine, the border-land which intervenes between Russia proper and the uninhabitable steppes of the south, across which the ruthless Tartars so often made their way, bringing havoc and destruction wherever they went, and inflicting untold misery on the early inhabitants of Russian Poland.

Only one of our own party accompanied the writer on the occasion of his long pilgrimage to the Jerusalem of Slavonia. Fortunately, we had a stout, comfortable travelling-carriage, which had been brought from Berlin, and which stood the rough roads over which the greater part of the journey had to be performed remarkably well. Posting along the *chaussées* (the macadamized highways) in Poland or Russia is exceedingly pleasant travelling if you have your own conveyance. Only be provided with the *podorojna** in due form, and, above all, have a trustworthy courier, or, better still, know something of the language yourself, and your progress will be uninterrupted and perfectly safe. Highway robbery is unknown, and the charges are regulated by a fixed tariff, which may be roughly reckoned at about 1½d. per verst for each horse. A capital speed is maintained, seldom averaging less than nine miles an hour, including stoppages; while the *Trinkgeld* (in Polish "na vordken") comes to rather more than an additional farthing per verst, which, in our case being generally doubled, secured an unflagging exercise of the postillion's duties, and infused increased energy into the tones of his bugle, by which (in Poland) the traveller's approach to a new station is invariably announced.

Arrived at the frontier—the river Bug—we no longer enjoyed the smooth *chaussée*, but entered upon a succession of roads more or less rough, over which the remaining two-thirds of our journey had to be performed. Sometimes the track was a sort of country lane, of the worst conceivable sort, full of ruts and holes, occasionally mended, but certainly not bettered, by rough pine-logs rudely thrown across the muddy gulf. This sometimes happened for a verst or two in succession, in which case the logs would be somewhat more evenly laid, down, at short intervals, in parallel lines, forming that exquisite species of torment yclept a "corduroy" road; a misery well known, no doubt, to our luckless forefathers, but which in our day only those can appreciate, in all its intensity, who have become experimentally acquainted

with it abroad. We had no rain during our five days' journey, so we were spared the misery of being "mud-bound," no uncommon occurrence in Russia, especially with a heavy travelling-carriage. Indeed, this description of vehicle is totally unfit for these rough by-ways; as many as twelve oxen having been found necessary, on one occasion known to the writer, to drag out of a veritable slough of despond an English posting chariot, in which a gentleman, with his wife, were making their dreary way to the south by this very route. But the most excruciating of all the discomforts we experienced was traversing the rough roads through the forests, which were pretty frequent towards the latter part of our course. The narrow path becomes, in course of time, gradually denuded of its alluvial earth, and, there being no parochial or municipal authority in these parts to provide for this emergency, the consequences may be imagined; at any rate, their experience was undeniable, and, it must be added, indescribable! The roots of the trees on both sides of the way crop up in the most picturesque confusion, knotty, gnarled, and naked, and at each succeeding jolt the wretched traveller is fairly racked in every joint. But, after all, we had little cause to complain, as we had no mishap worth mentioning; and on Saturday, about noon—we had started on the Monday afternoon—we came within sight of the domes and pinnacles and the lofty tower of the far-famed "Lavra," which proclaimed our approach to the ancient city of Kieff. The heat was certainly intense (it was the beginning of July), and we anticipated a melting sojourn in this semi-tropical climate;* but scarcely had we entered the city, and been snugly housed amongst our own people (there was a large English engineering staff resident there at that time), when a terrific tempest, ushered in by a rushing whirlwind of sand and dust, and accompanied by thunder and hail, burst over the place. It was, in fact, a complete cyclone, which, before our astonished gaze—unaccustomed to such furious freaks of nature—threw down everything in its way, uprooted trees, and even tore off the sheet-iron roof of one of the large circular forts which had been newly erected at the entrance to the arsenal, within sight of our residence. This storm effectually dispersed the heat, which did not return during the few weeks of our stay, and this enabled us to enjoy our visit to Kieff most thoroughly.

The aspect of this ancient city is very impressive, more especially when viewed from the far end of the new suspension-bridge crossing the river from the termination of the great causeway which traverses the immense plain of forest and swamp lying northwards on the left bank of the Dnieper. The whole of the settlement is placed on the south, or right bank of the river; the commercial, or lower town, called the "Podohl," being much the more ancient, and lying with its mass of closely-packed churches and houses on a large plateau, contiguous to the stream. Going eastwards there is a gradual ascent through the mediæval portion, till you arrive at the highest summit of the steep cliffs which overhang the river on its southern bank, and on which are placed some of the chief Government buildings, and especially that huge cluster of sacred edifices, truly Oriental in its architecture and splendour, called the "Lavra." The church and monastery of this ancient and very famous "Pecherskaya Lavra" (to give it its full title) are now enclosed within a series of massive earthwork fortifications, with single circular forts of

* The Imperial "permission to post," which is indispensable in Russia, but not in Poland, where the whole amount of posting is paid in advance.

* Kieff is in latitude 50 deg. 27 min. north—only about 1 deg. more south than London; but, as in most parts of Russia, the summer, though brief, is generally intensely hot.

solid stone as detached outworks, the whole covering an immense area, with frowning bastions meeting you at every turn, speaking in silent but most convincing logic of the mighty power of the Czar, by whose permission alone you have succeeded in penetrating thus far,

wards till closed in by the horizon, I could without difficulty have imagined myself in Constantinople. Looking westwards, we see the far-spreading houses, mingled with trees, gently receding towards the river, till merged in the dense mass of the Podohl three miles away. On



CARPATHIAN SHEPHERDS (from a Polish picture).

and who never suffers you to forget that whilst in his dominions you are but an insect in the grasp of a giant. The entrance to this impressive cluster of edifices, half ecclesiastical, wholly autocratic, is through a splendid gate, ornamented with full-length saintly figures. Then a noble alley, having the cells of the brotherhood placed on each side, conducts the visitor to the cathedral. Outside, a finer structure—thoroughly Eastern in its character, of course—can scarcely be seen in Europe. Seven turrets with gilt cupolas rear their glittering crests upon the roof, connected by chains of solid gold;* while, lifting its superb top far above all, stands the belfry tower, isolated from the cathedral itself, and rising to a height of three hundred feet, forming a noble landmark, and affording from its summit a truly magnificent view. I certainly gazed with surprise and rapture on the panorama spread before and around me, and could not believe I was in Russia. Indeed, but for the view of the interminable “steppes” spreading north-

the spurs of the high land, whose cliffs formed the boundary of the Dnieper, were placed, on conspicuous sites, the university, the museum, the college, and the other public buildings, all their walls white, all their roofs bright green or deep ruddy brown; while, shooting up from the sloping sides of the ravine which intersects the town, rise the minarets, the Oriental pinnacles, and the burnished domes and cupolas of the Holy City, glittering in the July sun, and fairly dazzling the eyes with their piquant splendour. And, to relieve all this, on the highest summit of the steep river banks, where the stream gracefully bends inwards, disclosing the old town in the distance, are planted the public pleasure gardens of Kieff, the walks charmingly laid out amidst the trees and shrubberies; and from this elevation, at every opening on the woody crest of the cliff, the delighted traveller looks down along the broad channel of the Dnieper, flowing on in its mighty stream more than three hundred feet below, and visible far away till its silvery windings are finally lost to view in the mazy distance of the still summer air.

* A fact; at least, so we were assured.

But we have taken an unexpected flight from the Lavra tower to the wooded cliffs of the public gardens two miles away. Let us return by the same aerial and easy method, and then, descending from our giddy climb, look inside the Lavra cathedral, dedicated to the "Ascension of the Virgin," according to the somewhat vague creed of the Greek church. You must not look for the groined roof, or lofty pillars, or pointed arches of our Western fanes, but you will scarcely be disappointed amidst the burst of subdued splendour which meets your gaze from every side. The light is almost entirely artificial, dimly streaming from innumerable wax tapers, and the sickly flame of sacred lamps which burn before every gilded shrine, and which are ranged in countless profusion before the gorgeous altar-piece of the Virgin at the eastern extremity. This magnificent reredos is known to be of solid silver, and is richly gilt; the image of the Virgin, as well as of the many saints who, not to mince matters, are "worshipped" in this cathedral, are set with precious stones and gems. The walls are frescoed with pictorial scenes from Scripture history, and the ceiling is richly and elaborately decorated. Unfortunately this latter specimen of semi-Byzantine art is almost invisible: at least the yellow glare of lamps and candles even at vespers is utterly insufficient to bring into relief its beautiful ornamental tracery, and there is a sort of longing wish in the visitor's mind (especially if he has ever been at the Sunday evening service in Westminster Abbey) to see the whole interior illuminated with gas. This, beyond a doubt, would bring into prominence all its rare richness and splendour in a way that would cause the long-haired, dirty, and ignorant priests of the Greek church who swarm about their favourite sanctuary to redouble their superstitious ardour, and at the same time add still more to the immense wealth of the monastery, enriched as it is by the offerings of more than 50,000 pilgrims, who come every year from all parts of the Russian empire, performing their weary pilgrimage to these ancient holy places. One very remarkable feature in connection with the Pecherskaya Lavra is the labyrinth of catacombs excavated in the face of the steep cliff on which this monastery settlement is built. In fact, there are two series of these catacombs, the smaller dedicated to St. Theodosius, while the larger, and by far the most venerated—indeed, the great attraction to pilgrims—contains about eighty bodies of saints in open coffins, ranged on either side of a dark, narrow gallery, black with age and with the thick crust of torch smoke. These are the catacombs of St. Anthony, whose stiffened corpse is enshrined at the farther end of the passage; and, incredible as it may seem, these shrivelled tenants of the open coffins are the actual bodies of the venerable dead, wrapped in rich and costly grave-clothes, their clay-cold withered hand stretched out to receive the oblations of the faithful. Even a more horrible sight is a row of small windows, behind which, walled up into the sandy rock, are built in the remains of self-made martyrs, who, though they did not refuse the food supplied through these apertures, yet all, as may be imagined, soon came to a miserable end. Leaving this subterranean scene of horrors, let us emerge into the bright sunlight on the cliff side, and make our way down to the edge of the deep-flowing Dnieper. Now let us cross the stream, but not by that decaying old bridge of boats, with its leaking planks swaying and shifting at every step; this is needless now, for an English engineer has just thrown across the river a magnificent suspension bridge, one of the longest and beyond comparison the finest in the world. Its length is half a mile, the openings between

the five massive piers being four of a span of 440 feet each, besides two openings of 225 feet at either extremity. On the side next the city is a swivel bridge-opening, fifty feet wide, by which such craft as cannot pass beneath the fixed platform are enabled to pursue the rest of their voyage down the river. There are two models in existence of this costly and splendid bridge; one, placed by order of the late Emperor Nicholas in the museum at St. Petersburg, the other forming a conspicuous object amongst the collection of models in our own Crystal Palace. It is situated in the gallery at the north end of the nave in the tropical department, and is well worthy of a close inspection, the details being carried out on the scale of minutest accuracy, in the actual proportion (in cubic measurement) of one to one million.* Our stay at Kieff was prolonged for some weeks, and the writer of this paper by no means found the time hang heavy on his hands. The society in the place contained several families of high birth and accomplishments, descended from the oldest and purest Polish lineage, the ladies certainly being remarkable perhaps above all other European nations for their beauty of face and form, and their manners of unrivalled fascination. May every traveller enjoy Kieff as much as we did, and leave it by a less laborious and venturesome route.

LORD GLENELG AND THE GRANTS.

THE death, recently, at Cannes, of Charles Grant, Lord Glenelg, in his eighty-seventh year, recalled recollections of a family which had almost passed from public notice. His memory, however, will long be cherished by those who are interested in the history of evangelical religion, while some of the hymns and other pieces of Sir Robert Grant have taken their place among the classic treasures of sacred poetry.

Mr. Charles Grant, the father, resided at Kidderpore, in the Bengal Presidency, where three sons were born—Charles, Robert, and a third who died young. On returning to England, Mr. Grant took an active part in the management of the affairs of the East India Company, and was Chairman of the Court of Directors. It was chiefly by his influence that the hostility previously entertained against evangelical and missionary enterprise in India was modified and removed. Wilberforce, John Thornton, and other of his friends gladly availed themselves of his aid in their plans of Christian usefulness for India. We often meet with his name in the biographies of good men of that time. For instance, when the late Mr. Campbell, of Kingsland, the well-known African missionary, among his many projects of philanthropy, had formed the design of bringing over negro youths to be educated in England, he received every encouragement from Mr. Charles Grant. It was in 1796, when he was not long returned from India, and had come to Scotland with his family, on a visit to the Leven family. The Countess of Leven was the daughter of his friend John Thornton. Mr. Campbell spent two evenings with Mr. Grant and his family at their hotel, when passing through Edinburgh, and records his admiration of his large-hearted Christian benevolence.

At a later period we have an interesting notice of another visit of Mr. Grant to Scotland. In 1816, at the meeting for the monument to Robert Burns at Dumfries, Lord Aberdeen presided, and Mr. Grant

* These models were made by Mr. Jabez James, of Lambeth. The engineer who designed and constructed the bridge is Mr. Charles Vignoles, F.R.S. Its total expenditure was £432,000. The two models cost upwards of £3000.

was at the right of the chair. A youthful son of the poet, seated quietly at the lower end of the room, was brought forward and made known to Grant. In the course of a few weeks he received an Indian cadetship, the foundation of his own and his brother's prosperity. They returned home as honoured field-officers. One of them died in November 1865, at Cheltenham, aged seventy-two—Col. James Glencairn Burns, the poet's youngest son.

The sons of the elder Charles Grant, Charles and Robert, distinguished themselves at Cambridge, where they were contemporaries with the late Lord Canterbury, better known as Mr. Manners Sutton, the Speaker, with the late Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and his brother, the present Bishop of Winchester. Charles was fourth wrangler and senior Chancellor's medallist in 1801, and in the same year divided with the celebrated Henry Martyn "the Members' prize," for Latin prose. His career was thenceforth chiefly a political one. In 1807 he was called to the bar of Lincoln's Inn, and entered Parliament as representative of the Fortrose boroughs, for which he sat from 1807 to 1818. From that time till his elevation to the peerage in 1835 he was member for Inverness-shire. In 1813 he was made a lord of the Treasury by the Earl of Liverpool. After this he had a long tenure of official life in various posts, and under different ministries.*

Robert Grant's name will be recorded in Anglo-Indian history as Governor-General of Bombay. But his fame as an administrator rests on a less enduring basis than that derived from his literary labours, especially since these are consecrated by genius and piety. Some of his hymns must be familiar to every reader, such as that entitled "A Litany," commencing—

"Saviour! when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
Oh! by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

"By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany."

Few collections are without the following poem, which has cheered the heart and strengthened the confidence of many a tried and sorrowing believer:

"When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears."

"If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour."

"When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye."

* From 1819 to 1823 he was Secretary for Ireland; from 1823 to 1828 Vice-President and then President of the Board of Trade; under the Grey ministry, President of the Board of Control. Under Lord Melbourne he was raised to the peerage, and transferred to the War and Colonial Office (then united), where he remained till the difficulties arising out of the Canadian rebellion and the famous Durham Ordinance led to his resignation. Lord Glenelg then retired with a pension of £2000, which, on his death, reverted to the Crown.

"When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, and voice, and smile
Divides me for a little while,
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead."

"And oh! when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died.
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tears away."

Several of his pieces are in the same plaintive minor key, as in the "Prayer of the Aged."

"With years oppressed, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To thee, O God, I pray;
To thee my withered hands arise;
To thee I lift my failing eyes;
Oh, cast me not away."

"Thy mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days;
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise."

"O Saviour, has thy grace declined?
Can years affect the Eternal mind,
Or time its love decay?
A thousand ages pass thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
Is gone like yesterday."

"Then, e'en in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee;
Oh, yet this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee."

"Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long,
Till sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song."

In more jubilant notes is the hymn "None but Thee," founded on the text, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth that I desire beside thee" (Psalm lxxiii. 25):—

"Lord of earth, thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
All that strikes the eye unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought;
Friendship—gem transcending price;
Love—a flower from Paradise:
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?"

"Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings:
Oh! that world is passing fair;
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?"

"Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest.
I was lost; thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child:
I was blind; thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away.
Source of every joy I know,
Holace of my every woe,
Oh! if once thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?"

In reading this we are reminded of the poem by old Francis Quarles, on the same passage of Scripture, expressing how the spirit is dissatisfied with all earthly good if not enjoying God in his works:—

"I love, and have some cause to love, the earth;
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?"

"Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being, when compared with thee!"

"In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not labouring thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
And, having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of thee."

We add one more specimen of Sir Robert Grant's poetry—a hymn for all times and conditions of life, entitled "Trust in Jesus":—

"When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine,
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day."

"When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning's sacrifice I bring,
And mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God."

"As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me thy precepts all divine,
And be thy great example mine."

"When pain transfixes every part,
And languor settles at the heart;
When, on my bed, diseased, oppress'd,
I turn and sigh, and long for rest,
O great Physician, see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief."

"Should Poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low,
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou, on earth, wast poor indeed."

"Should Providence profusely pour
Its various blessings in my store,
Oh keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state;
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee."

"When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh! lead me onward to the skies."

"And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
'To see thy face and sing thy praise.'"

In a volume recently published, "William Wilberforce, his Friends and his Times," by J. C. Colquhoun (Longmans), an interesting glimpse is given of the domestic life of the Grant family and their associations with "The Clapham Sect":—

"When Wilberforce, settling his plans with Henry

Thornton, turned his eyes to the East, and resolved to drop into our Indian empire, then lying waste and given up to superstition, the germ of Christianity, he turned to Charles Grant as his counsellor and helper. Indeed, without the help of such a man, it may be safely said that his plans would have failed, and the step gained in the Charter of 1813 might have been postponed for many years. Before such assistance, however, difficulties disappeared; and the iron will and unbending purpose of Grant, combined with the judgment of Henry Thornton and the persuasive eloquence of Wilberforce, prevailed over a host of obstacles. From the time, therefore, that Charles Grant settled at Battersea Rise, he became the counsellor of both the friends; and henceforth upon every public question the inner cabinet consisted of these three remarkable men.

"Domestic circumstances followed to strengthen the public tie. For when the marriage of Henry Thornton brought a female head to the household, the alliance of the two houses was cemented by the intimacy which sprung up between the ladies who presided over them. To the elder matron, the mother of a large family, and of long experience, the younger wife naturally turned. And, truly, less susceptible dispositions would have been won by the character of Mrs. Grant. Married in India, having passed in that tropical climate many of her most impressive years, a character naturally gentle seemed to have been mellowed into special tenderness under those eastern suns; so that when she left India, and passed into our colder and sterner society, she brought, in her manner, looks, and sentiments, something of that sensitive delicacy which belongs to plants nursed into luxuriant growth under the heat of southern suns. The voice, soft and low, the manner quiet and retiring; the dress itself, the veil thrown over the head, and falling down in folds over the figure, were all in keeping with that veiled modesty and gentle purity. In the household, over which she was placed, the ostensible ruler was no doubt the man of strong will whom we have sketched, and whose slightest word was law. But, while the reins of government were held fast in his hands, the formation of the character of the children lay chiefly with the mother; for she ruled by love, and thus her sway was unconscious and irresistible, and her example moulded, by insensible impression, the thoughts and sentiments of all around her. So it came to pass that the characters of the children, while they inherited much of the talent and powerful intellect of the father, reflected, in their refined tastes and their exquisite but over-fastidious sensitiveness, the exotic temperament of the mother. It was natural that any young mother, placed in close neighbourhood with such a mind, should have yielded herself to her influence; much more one who, like Mrs. Henry Thornton, partook of the same sensibilities and the same quick and refined feelings. Hence it was that the two matrons became fast friends; and in every circumstance of life, in trouble, or languor, or sickness, Mrs. Henry Thornton turned to Mrs. Grant as her counsellor. And, in truth, the delight of the elder matron was to answer the appeal; for, whenever distress came, when care entered to break the rest or wrinkle the brow, when the wife was anxious or the mother embarrassed, Mrs. Grant appeared, a prompt friend; and as soon as the gentle face was seen, the clouds began to break, and streaks of light dimpled the sky. Equally comforting she was to the depressed mother, when she sat by her sofa, drew forth the causes of her anxiety, and whispered words of encouragement; or when her noiseless step passed, like a vision, along the nursery floor, and she sat herself down by the bed-

side of some wakeful child, soothed her fretfulness, and lulled her into slumber with the tones of her voice and the verses of a hymn. Thus the troubles of life only drew the households together; and even, after the Grants removed to London, the intercourse remained undisturbed. Whatever touched the director's house, sad events or glad, Mrs. Thornton was the first to hear the tidings. When she wanted companions, she drew them from that household. And when her own great sorrow came, the same friend was still by her at Kensington Gore, to soothe her in her hour of desolation; and when she too drooped, Mrs. Grant was still beside her sofa to whisper words of comfort, and to cheer the patient sufferer, as she glided from earth, which had lost its sunlight, to pass, through a merciful decline, into the world which has neither cloud nor care.

"But not only were the elders of the Grant household intimate with Henry Thornton and his wife: other companionships grew up around them from the younger branches of the family. For the children in their turn felt for the hostess of Battersea Rise much of that clinging affection she entertained for Mrs. Grant. When the daughters were weary of London excitement, they resorted for rest to this second home; and when the sons, overworked at Cambridge, or fatigued in public life, sought to recruit their strength, they knew that a cordial welcome awaited them in the home at Battersea Rise. Thus, while they themselves benefited, they brought the attractions of their gifts, and these were manifold. For if the sensibility, which they inherited, was for the rough work of life a hindrance, it added to social intercourse an inexpressible charm. Nursed, as they had been, in a home atmosphere where every sentiment was refined, they shrank with an almost morbid recoil from the contact of ordinary minds, but they drew the more closely to that charmed circle of Battersea Rise in which intellect and taste were found combined.

"Of the young men who thus contributed their genius and accomplishments to this society, we may speak freely, as their names are public words, written in our annals: one known for his statesman-like eloquence in the House of Commons, Secretary for Ireland, then Secretary for the Colonies, now a peer; the other distinguished as a public speaker, the writer of sacred poetry, universally admired—too early taken from us, when he left us to govern one of our East India provinces (Bombay). But of the other members of the family we must say but little; as the sacredness of domestic life is apt to wither even under the breath of praise. This at least may be said, that their society brought with it a charm deeply felt by her who presided as the hostess. Of one of them Mrs. Thornton used to say, that her conversation was a more reviving cordial than a tonic spring. She exercised over the young, who entered her society, a witchery of indescribable power, and in her Madame de Staël saw the realization of that poetical vision which was embodied in the character of Corinne. Another daughter has been described in lines written on her by Bowdler, which record the impressions made by her youthful charms; recalled mournfully, now that we contrast the brilliant dawn of a hopeful life with its evening setting behind clouds, on darkened eyes, after years of trouble:—

'Thine are youth and beauty now,
Friends and lovers round thee bending,
Hope sits smiling on thy brow,
Hope with joy her triumph blending;
Thy blue eye is speaking pleasure,
Gladness bids thy bosom swell.
Is, then, life so rich a treasure?
Dearest maiden, use it well.'

Varieties.

A LOST SESSION.—The last session of Parliament was popularly spoken of as "lost," because of the time occupied without result in the Reform debates. But during the session the number of public Acts was 122, against 127 passed last year; 364 local, against 382 last year; and of private Acts ten this year, against nine last year.

MARIE ANTOINETTE CORRESPONDENCE.—In the "Leisure Hour" Varieties for August, the name of M. Feuillet de Conches was introduced in connection with the disputed authenticity of certain letters of Marie Antoinette. Our note was abridged from an English literary journal, following an article in the "Allgemeine Zeitung." We regret to have quoted the name of M. Feuillet de Conches in such a dispute, which referred chiefly to other letters, edited by Count Hunolstein, and generally admitted to be spurious. In the "Edinburgh Review" (No. 252) an account of the controversy will be found, with a high encomium on the honour, as well as the critical sagacity and experience, of M. Feuillet de Conches, who has since published in the "Allgemeine Zeitung" an indignant denial of the imputations made by his German critics. M. Feuillet says, "Je n'ai connu l'existence de lettres de Marie-Antoinette dans les mains de M. d'Hunolstein que par la publication de son recueil. Quant à l'histoire d'une réclamation de la Bibliothèque Impériale de Paris, touchant des feuilles de papier blanc de la fin du dernier siècle, arrachées à des manuscrits prêtés par elle, c'est encore une pure invention. La Bibliothèque Impériale, avec laquelle je n'ai nul motif d'ailleurs pour ne pas être en bons rapports, n'a eu de semblables réclamations à exercer contre qui que ce soit, et un *Communiqué* officiel du Ministère de l'Intérieur a donné, à ce sujet, un formel démenti à des journaux qui avaient insinué le fait en entrefilets soigneusement anonymes."

WORKING MEN'S STAKE IN THE NATIONAL WELFARE.—The following statistics were given by Mr. Potter at the Reform meeting at Guildhall: apart from any political question, they are gratifying as exhibiting the progress of industry and economy among the working classes:—"The working men have a higher stake in the welfare of the country than any other class. Their energy, labour, and industry it was that had made England what she was. Were their provident societies, with assets amounting to £6,000,000, to be ignored? Were their trade and friendly societies, with funds to the extent of £2,000,000, of no consequence? Was no account to be taken of their co-operative societies, with their £8,000,000 annually; of their building societies, which invested savings amounting to £13,000,000; of their hard earnings invested in Post-office savings-banks, savings-banks, and life assurances? Could it be said that, with all that capital, and an annual income in the shape of wages to the extent of £400,000,000, the working men had no stake in the country?"

CHOLERA MIXTURE RECOMMENDED BY THE BOARD OF HEALTH.—In the early stages of the disease the following is the medicine used by the superintending physicians of the late General Board of Health, and the house-to-house visitors acting under their direction, during all the late epidemics. The dose for an adult consists of—tincture of opium and tincture of ginger, of each ten minims; tincture of catechu, one fluid dram; carbonate of ammonia, six grains; aromatic confection, ten grains; with a tablespoonful of cassia or peppermint-water. This is to be taken every hour or two until the medical officer can be seen.

WATER-CISTERNS IN HOUSES.—An architect, Mr. J. Cole, states that cisterns are polluted by the ascent of foul air when the valve is lifted for allowing water to descend for water-closets. He says that this can be easily and cheaply remedied by the cistern being divided, so as to keep the water intended for house use separate from that which supplies the closets; and this without an additional service and ball-cock.

RIFLE-SHOOTING.—At the last international match at Wimbledon, out of 360 shots fired by the Scottish eight, who won the Elcho Challenge Shield, only ten missed the target; and of the 350 hits, 312 struck the centre, and 158 the bull's-eye.

CRICKET, A LONG SCORE.—At the match, this summer, of Surrey against All England, the England eleven reached a score of 521 in one innings; and of this score one bat, Mr. W. G. Grace, made 224, and was not out. This is one of the largest scores on record.

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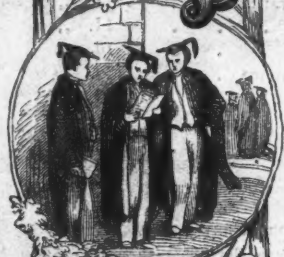
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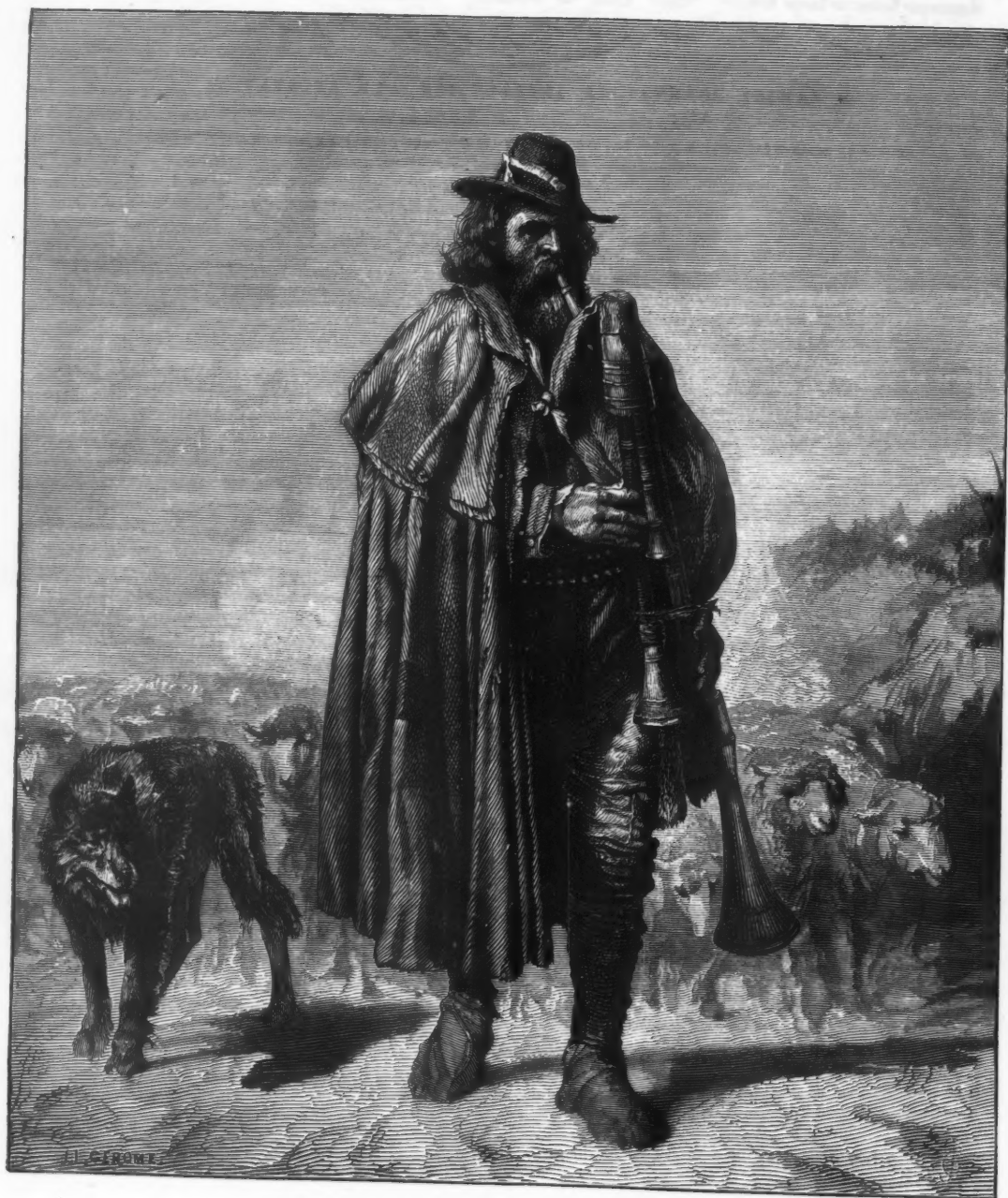
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